

Surprise

by shesgotcooties

Category: Hairspray

Genre: Family

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-10-11 02:00:55

Updated: 2007-10-20 16:27:34

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:06:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,875

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In 1978, 16 years after the Corny Collins Show was officially integrated, certain families are trying to live a normal life. But this normal life starts to become far from normal when a certain somebody shows up with a surprise.

1. Chapter 1

****_Surprise!_****

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Hairspray.

****Author's Note:**** Okay, this story isn't really Amber/Link (which goes against my beliefs), but it _kind of_ has some hints of Ambink-ness. So, bear with me here. I tried to make this for both Ambink fans and Trink fans alike. Excuse me if I don't do a good job, but at least I tried. And sorry if the chapter is short. The next one will be longer, I promise.

"So, remember, if you want to be on the Corny Collins Show," Kenneth, the new host for the Corny Collins Show, started. "Come to station WZZT tomorrow to audition!"

"4-o-clock sharp!" One of the current council members, Carolyn Flanders exclaimed. She seemed to be superficially perky. Carolyn was the daughter of two past council members, Tammy and Fender. You see, a lot had changed in the seventeen years since 1962: Amber had quit the show for some-reason-or-another (her mother continued to produce, though), Tracy and Link had continued going strong, the show was integrated, ratings were better than ever, Corny experimented with sideburns and a mustache, and he was fired directly afterwards. Thus, WZZT had to hire a new host, and Kenneth Kenyon was who they chose. His personality seemed to be much like that of Corny's, so it wasn't much of a loss. Anyway, once Corny left, he moved in with Brenda, and shortly afterwards, the two wed. Actually, most of the former council members married their dance partner: IQ and Lou Ann, Tammy and Fender, Shelley and Sketch, and Link and Tracy. Everything

appeared to be perfect: Almost too perfect, actually.

"And we're off!" The temporary producer screeched. Her name was Barbara Addison, and she was just a fill-in, because Velma was deceased. She was diagnosed with breast cancer, and did not recover. The real producer was supposed to be her daughter, Amber, but since Amber had supposedly disappeared off the face of the earth, the station hired a temp. "Wonderful show, guys! See you tomorrow for the auditions!"

"Thanks, Barbara," The council sweetheart, Diane Larkin (Tracy and Link's daughter) thanked.

"Why are you thanking me, dear?" Barbara's eye twinkled and she patted Diane on the shoulder. "It's all thanks to you; you're the lead dancer,"

"Yes, but you produce it," When Diane smiled, her dimples scrunched up on her slightly chubby face. She had gotten the metabolism of her mother; but her face was still as beautiful as her personality. Diane grabbed her satchel and headed to the bus. After all, she was only twelve, so she couldn't drive herself home. Usually, the council members could only audition if they were thirteen or older, but Diane was an exception; and not only because she was the daughter of the most famous people in Baltimore history.

The bus screeched to a halt, and Diane climbed inside, she showed the bus driver her card, and sat next to a red-haired, brown-eyed man. She knew him well for he was always on the bus at this time.

"Hello, Brian," Diane pushed her hair behind her ears.

"Good afternoon, Diane," Brian greeted. "How was the show today?"

"The same as it always is, I danced with Dennis, Rose tripped twice, and Barbara was just as nice as always," Diane thought for a moment. "Auditions are tomorrow,"

"Is your friend auditioning?"

"Who? Loretta?" Loretta was Seaweed and Penny's only daughter.

"Yeah, her,"

"No, she claims she 'can't dance'"

"You don't believe her, do you?"

"Of course not!" Diane screeched a bit too loudly for her own good.

"Try a little harder to convince her," He stated. "Will you do that for me?"

"Anything for you, Brian," Diane smiled a quite toothy smile for he had not had braces yet.

"Well, this is my stop, I'll see you tomorrow," Brian bid while

prying his way out of the bus seat. Diane watched him leave and then stared out the window. Although she was not the most popular girl in her Jr. High School; that title was taken by Harmony D'Aubigne. Harmony had beautiful red hair and ice blue eyes. Her flawless skin complemented the few freckles she possessed on her left arm: Birthmarks she claimed they were. Her parents were ex-hippies (when the war ended, hippies tended to die out), hence her name. Her father was French and her mother was Irish, her father spoke with a French accent, and her mother was 2nd generation Irish, so she spoke normally. Since her father was fluent in French, so was Harmony. When she spoke in French, it was the most beautiful thing in the world. Diane was thinking about how much she wanted to be friends with Harmony. Diane secretly longed to be popular, with all of her soul. Being on the show didn't even help her popularity; it just made her a tiny bit more known. Loretta was her only friend. Well, only really good friend. Another thing that helped her be a bit more popular was the fact that she was going out with the most happening senior at Patterson Park High (which was still around). Dennis was a dreamboat. With his perfectly straight teeth, chocolate brown hair, and engulfing green eyes, he was everybody's crush. There was nobody at Patterson Park that had never been in love with Dennis. Even at West Baltimore Jr. High Diane had witnessed several girls writing 'Mrs. Dennis Norton' on their school books. Of course, this made Diane quite big-headed, but she was still quite modest. After all, she did get her mother's metabolism. The bus pulled to a stop and Diane squeezed out of her seat and off of the bus. She walked to her door, opened it, and stepped inside.

"Mama? Dad? Lawrence? Is anybody home?" Diane called.

"I'm here," Tracy, Diane's mother, answered back.

"Oh, I didn't realize," Diane replied. "Where's dad?"

"He went to pick up your brother," explained Tracy. "And then he has to go to the recording studio to do some finishing touches to his CD,"

"Ahh," Diane murmured.

"What happened at the studio today?"

"Nothing really, but auditions are tomorrow, are you coming?"

"You bet," Tracy reminisced. "I remember when I had to audition,"

"But, you didn't audition,"

"I went to the studio on audition day, didn't I?"

"Well, yeah but-"

"That counts. And it's not my fault that the Von Tussle duo didn't like my present weight,"

"What happened to them anyway?"

"Velma passed away from cancer," Tracy paused and thought about what happened to her arch rival. "And I don't really know what happened to

Amber,"

"Are we ever going to find out?"

"I don't know, darling, I don't know,"

2. Chapter 2

****_Surprise_****

****Disclaimer:**** I do not own Hairspray.

****Author's Note:**** Okay, this story isn't really Amber/Link (which goes against my beliefs), but it kind of has some hints of Ambink-ness. So, bear with me here. I tried to make this for both Ambink fans and Trink fans alike. Excuse me if I don't do a good job, but at least I tried.

****Chapter 2****

"Audition time," Barbara said and then sighed. She hated auditions, even though she'd only been producer for a few months. She seriously hoped today would be the only audition day. "Okay, first up, Virginia Hanfield," A scrawny brunette stepped up in front of the council. The council members began to fire questions at her. It seemed to be too much for Virginia, seeing as she was squirming every-which way. But, then, she decided to pull through, and began to smile.

"Have you ever had a boyfriend?" Rose Tremaine beamed.

"N-no, I haven't," Virginia answered. A few of the girls started to giggle.

"And exactly, how old are you?" A brunette, with an ugly nose (who was one of the girls who giggled) smirked.

"I-I'm th-thirteen and a h-half," stuttered Virginia. The councilettes gave each other some looks of disgust for poor Virginia.

"Alright, Virginia, time to dance," Barbara saved. She gave Virginia a heart-warming grin and sat back in her chair. The chicken-legged Virginia stood in the center of the floor and started to danceâ€”badly. Even though she was bad, Barbara predicted that she'd be the best that they would see. "Th-thank you, Virginia, we'll get back to you," Barbara winced. "Next is Tiffany Larkin," She paused. After all, there was another girl on the council with the same last name. A beautiful blonde girl confidentially pranced up to face the council. First off were the questions.

"Is that your natural hair color?" The nosy Rose Tremaine questioned.

"I take after my mother, she has blonde hair, too," Tiffany flashed a perfect smile, full of straight, glittery teeth.

"How long have you been dancing?" Tracy and Link's twelve-year-old daughter, Diane, asked. She liked sticking with the classics.

"My mother made me start taking dance classes as soon as I could walk," Tiffany shrugged. "She just wanted me to be the best,"

"How old are you?" Another council member, Dennis, asked.

"Sixteen,"

"Then how come didn't you audition when you were thirteen?" Diane piped in.

"I just moved here,"

"Where from?" Carolyn interrogated.

"California,"

"What part?" Carolyn snapped.

"San Francisco,"

"Why'd you move here?" Shelley and Sketch's son, Roger Sullivan, inquired.

"My mother's job,"

"Well, why don't you show us what you can do?" Barbara added.

"Alright," Tiffany simply stated, while getting into her starting position. Then, she started to dance. And, she was absolutely fantastic. There was no doubt in Barbara's mind that Tiffany was the girl that the studio needed.

"Wow, Tiffany that was unbelievable!" Barbara called.

"So, does that mean I got on the show?"

"Of course it does!"

"Then, thank you," Tiffany flashed another million-dollar smile and sauntered out of the audition room. When she made it out into the street, she noticed her mother beckoning for her from the car. She flounced over to the convertible and greeted her mom.

"Did you get in?"

"Definitely," Tiffany grinned.

"Great job, sweetie!" her mother smiled back. "Now's my turn," she added as she slipped out of the car and waltzed into the studio. She looked around and saw parents picking up their teenagers. One parent in particular turned around and saw her standing there.

"Amber? Amber!" The woman screamed while running over to 'Amber.'
"When'd you come back?"

"A few days ago," Amber replied. "How are you, Brenda?"

"I'm great!" Brenda said while holding up her left hand and waving it

in Amber's face. "Corny and I are married!"

"I'm so happy for you, B, how's your kid?"

"Wilma's fine,"

"Wil-muh?! Why'd you pick such an ugly name?"

"Corny ALWAYS wanted a little girl named Wilma. Like on 'The Flintstones'" Brenda beamed, but when she saw Amber's bewildered face, she continued, "Plus, that's Corny's grandmother's name,"

"Uh, I seeâ€¦" Amber's voice trailed off.

"So, how was Arizona?" Brenda bit her lower lip. It's awkward talking to somebody you haven't seen in seventeen years.

"California," Amber corrected.

"Oh, right, uhâ€¦California?" Brenda murmured.

"It was fine, but, a little too protest-y," she responded. "San Francisco held some major riots,"

"Wait," Brenda paused. "I've been meaning to ask you something..."

"Well," Amber urged.

"Well, what?"

"What have you been meaning to ask me?"

"Oh, right," Brenda searched her mind for the perfect way to ask her question. "How did your wholeâ€¦situationâ€¦work out?"

"Great," Amber started. "She made it onto the show,"

"She auditioned?" Brenda gasped a little too loudly. "Wait, she's a she?"

"Yes, and Yes,"

"Which one was she?" Brenda inquired before having time to think over the candidates.

"Guess," Amber hastily replied.

"The blonde one? With the perfect smile?"

"Yep," Amber grinned and added, "And I'll let you in on a little secret. I was the one who taught her the smile,"

"Somehow I figured," Brenda looked around to observe the other people that were filing into the building. "Who are you going to talk to first?"

"I talked to you first, didn't I?" Amber frankly responded.

"I meant AFTER me,"

"The current producer, of course," Amber winked. "I have to get my rightful job back,"

Brenda's eyes lit up, she had just remembered another question she wanted to ask Amber. "What did you do in Arizona?"

"Brenda, it was CAL-IF-OR-NI-A!" Amber emphasized and rolled her eyes. "I got a job as a Substitute Teacher at a Public School in the area," Brenda started to double over laughing. "What's so funny?"

"You-" Brenda's eyes welled up with tears. "A TEACH-ER?!"

"Substitute Teacher,"

"Whelp, you learn something new everyday," Brenda said as she wiped the tears from her eyes. When she looked up, she noticed another person standing next to Amber.

"Brenda, I'd like you to meet Tiffany," Amber introduced. She motioned for Tiffany to shake Brenda's hand.

"It's so nice to finally meet you, Brenda, I've heard so much about you," Tiffany greeted. She then flashed her award-winning smile and walked away.

"Amber, that smile is seriously going to make me go blind,"

"Aw, poor ba-by," Amber cooed. "I'm going to get my job back, B, see you later,"

"Goodbye, Ambs," Brenda turned away from her past best friend and noticed Tiffany talking to seventeen-year-old Rose Tremaine.

"Me and my mother lived in San Francisco," Tiffany explained. "In a town house, a few miles from the bay bridge,"

"What school did you go to?"

"Abraham Lincoln High, Aptos Middle School, and Lafayette Elementary,"

"Oh," Rose simply stated. "How do you like Baltimore?"

"My mom grew up here,"

"So, do you like it?"

"I've only been here a few days," Tiffany declared. "Do you want to come over to my house?" She desperately needed friends again. After all, she was the most popular girl at all three of her past schools; why make this one any different?

"Um, sure," Rose answered; for she didn't really know what to say.

"Who's that?" Tiffany pointed to a council member with scruffy brown hair.

"Dennis Norton," Rose paused to stare at the most handsome guy in all of West Baltimore. "Why'd you want to know?"

"I think I'd like to get to know him a bit more," Tiffany beamed.

"Sorry, Tiffany, not going to happen," Rose shook her head and her red hair fell out of her ponytail and onto her shoulders. "He's going out with Diane,"

"Not for long," Tiffany clarified. "He hasn't met me yet," She walked away from Rose and joined the circle of boys cluttered around Dennis.

"Hell-o, Dennis," greeted Tiffany.

"How do you know my name?"

"Rose told me," Tiffany glanced into Dennis's engulfing blue eyes. "My name's Tiffany," She extended her right hand.

Dennis followed suite. "Nice to meet you,"

"You're pretty," Bobby Walker, another council member, remarked.

Tiffany, completely ignoring Bobby, stated, "I'm the newest council member; I just moved here from San Francisco,"

"Great," Dennis mumbled. He wasn't really all that interested in Tiffany. But, Bobby sure was.

"What's your favorite television show?" questioned Bobby.

Tiffany rolled her eyes. "I don't really watch much television,"

Tiffany was interrupted by Diane, who had just walked up to the group of children. "Hey, Dennis, Bobby, Roger, Anthony, Thomas,"

"And Tiffany, I'm here too," Tiffany pointed to herself.

"You're that girl who auditioned, right?" Diane asked.

"Yep,"

"Oh, well, what were you guys talking about?" Diane questioned.

"Nothing important," Tiffany's voice trailed off as she left the clump. She started to walk around the studio for a little while, as if to get acquainted with the space she'd be spending the majority of her time. Finally, she noticed a tall man with brown hair; and it looked like brown eyes. She studied his features and tried to match it to the description her mother had given her. Apparently, her mother had been head-over-heels in love with a certain Link Larkin, and Tiffany needed to find out who he was. So, she waltzed over to him.

"Hello there, you haven't actually met me yet, but I've heard so much about you," Tiffany paused. "Are you Link Larkin?"

"Yes, yes I am," Link boldly stated, while confusedly staring into Tiffany's eyes. "How come you've heard so much about me?"

"You and my mother were close way back when,"

"Oh," Link turned away, and then turned back again. "Who's your mother?" Tiffany's throat turned dry, she didn't know if this was the perfect time her mom was talking about. Well, she could lie, but then she'd feel guilty about lying to her father.

End
file.